

The King's Castles

By JAMES NEWTON

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In college Yates Barlow had gone in for economics and sociology. When he was graduated and started in law studies, though he did not dub himself a socialist, still he persuaded himself that in the management of the rather comfortable estate left him by his grandmother he would fall into none of those errors of selfishness that too frequently—as he was convinced—characterize the dealings of men of capital with those who labor for them. And although he decided to leave the management of the large up-town apartment house, pretentiously dubbed "King's Castles," that constituted one of his most remunerative investments in the hands of his father's office force until he had finished his law course, he made it perfectly clear that he sought no profits from that undertaking that might be made at the expense of fair play to the folk who worked under the spacious roof of the apartment house.

"Maybe there isn't any eight-hour law for women in this state," he said to his father. "Maybe there isn't—we haven't come to it in law lecture yet. But eight hours is all any woman ought to be asked to work, and I tell you right here that I'm not going to have any woman work longer than the one who works for me."

The genial elder man looked up with a smile, the serenity of which rather annoyed Yates. "She is a nice little girl," he said, with an emphasis on the verb that seemed to betoken that Yates knew to whom the pronoun referred.

"I guess at your age I'd have had the same ideas about working hours for women, especially if the only woman I employed happened to be eighteen and as fresh as a snow apple. She is a nice girl, isn't she?"

"If you mean Miss Sarter—yes. She seems to be a lot better than you usually get to tend an apartment house telephone switchboard. That's got nothing to do with the fairness of making her work nine hours a day or keeping her at the switchboard on holidays."

"But, man alive, she wants to do it," explained the father.

"No girl of spirit likes to show her unwillingness to do what she's got to do," pronounced the son with the air of one who felt that he possessed keen insight into feminine psychology.

"Well, you've got a lot more sense than some boys your age," was the father's only retort. "If you take a fancy to a pure-hearted country girl like Abby Sarter instead of some empty-pated, over-dressed society girl, you're all right."

Yates had taken a fancy to Abby, but for some reason he did not like to have the fact taken for granted. He could not explain to himself just why his father's remarks that morning proved so irritating.

As time went on Yates developed a keen interest in the management of his apartment house. He loved to think of the time when—his law course ended—he would take over the entire management of the place himself and not actually needing to net the largest possible income from it, strive to run the house along ideal lines. He even thought of putting the girl at the switchboard on a six-hour schedule, but somehow he never thought of Abby Sarter's continuing to sit at the switchboard when he put his plans in working order.

Meantime Abby Sarter sat at the switchboard in the corner of the spacious, many-mirrored, much-beglit entrance of Yates' up-town apartment house, for nine hours a day, and never thought of having a holiday other than Sunday. Sometimes she came in for a few hours even on that day of rest. To Yates that entrance hall was not entirely satisfactory. He could see the cheap plaster behind the thin veneer of marble on the walls. The colors of the heavy plush rugs that lay on the tile floors looked cruder to him every time he saw them. The lights that blazed forth from the chandeliers and were reflected again and again in the long mirrors were garish and smote his eyes offensively. Yet he knew that it was that spacious, garish hall that attracted tenants and made them willing to pay good rents for small apartments, and he realized that he would be benefiting no one but himself if he toned down the garishness to suit his own taste. He had no way of knowing at first how resplendent it looked to Abby—Abby, who basked in the effluence of a dozen bright lights now, and in the days on the farm had known only the glow of a single oil lamp as she sat in the farmhouse sitting room. To her the entrance of the apartment house was the sum total of urbane luxury and elegance and the people who came and went through the hall and were bowed to by the hall attendants in proportion to their most recent gratuity were to her among the favored ones of the earth. She did not know that her share of one of the farms at home would put her into the possession of a bank account several times as large as that held by any of these cliff dwellers.

Abby knew none of the tenants well. Why should they bother their heads about the switchboard operator anyway? But with the curiosity and powers of observation bred in the country, she had made for herself vivid pictures of each individual in

the house. Sometimes there were weddings or receptions, dinner parties, or even little dances in the apartments, and then Abby's eyes would be even brighter than usual and her pulses would quicken as she felt the proximity of so much merriment and gaiety.

One of the personages that came under her constant observation was young Yates Barlow. To her he seemed, as the owner of all this grandeur, a veritable modern prince. Whenever he came to the apartment he stopped and chatted with her in a rather shy but friendly way, asking vague questions about her work.

After each of his chats with Abby, Yates Barlow was more than ever convinced that she was overworked. Not that she ever gave any indication of this state of affairs by anything that she said. But how could a charming girl like Abby, he thought, sit for nine monotonous hours making connections for thoughtless tenants, without feeling overworked?

Yates took to calling up the apartment on mythical business matters, just to make sure that Abby's voice sounded as fresh and unfaded as ever. Then spring came. After a hard week at law school, Yates was getting ready one Saturday morning to motor out to a week-end house party in the country. The day was one of those warm and tempting days that sometimes come so early that they seem to be out of season. All his boyish hatred of indoor work made Yates look forward to the two days in the country with enthusiasm. And then he thought of Abby—country bred Abby—used no doubt to wandering about the fields and hillside at will—tied to that monotonous switchboard.

"I'll stay home myself," thought Yates. "That girl certainly deserves a Saturday half holiday. I can't ask any of the elevator boys to run the switchboard, but I can do it myself, and I am going to."

Yates concocted a hurried telephone excuse to his hostess and then with a light heart started uptown to King's Castles. He could visualize the happy smile that would come into Abby's eyes when he told her that she could take the afternoon off. He looked forward, too, with no small pleasure to the ten or fifteen minutes of instruction that he knew must take place while she showed him how to work the switchboard.

"And if I do make mistakes," he thought, "and the tenants get mad, nobody can fire me."

He got up to the apartment house about eleven o'clock and found Abby as fresh and smiling as ever.

"I have nothing to do this afternoon, Miss Sarter," he began, "and it's such a corking day, I thought perhaps you'd be wanting an afternoon off. So I thought I'd stay here and run this switchboard and you could have a little vacation. I don't just know how, but I think maybe you could show me, couldn't you?"

Abby looked at him in amazement. "Why, I don't want a vacation, Mr. Barlow. I couldn't possibly do anything that would give me as much fun as running this switchboard."

"But I mean a chance to go some place—out in the country, you know—or something like that," said Yates. "But I've lived in the country all my life, Mr. Barlow. And this—she waved her hand inclusively about the spacious hall—this is so wonderful. I should think just to own a place like King's Castles would make you happy."

Barlow looked at the girl before him with a new interest. For months he had been growing fond of her, but mixed with his liking there had been a feeling of pity that she should be forced to do uncongenial work. Now he felt a new admiration for her. She was doing the work she liked and getting a full measure of happiness from each day at the monotonous switchboard. "Just to own a place like this"—her words rang in his ears.

Well, why shouldn't she own King's Castles? He could give it to her for a wedding gift if that would make her happy. He knew now that it was Abby who could make him happy and perhaps he with King's Castles thrown in could make her happy.

"Well," said Yates, "let me stay with you this afternoon, anyway, and let's go some place for dinner together. I'm going to ask you if you'll help me run King's Castles all your life!"

Screw Bore Its Own Hole.

Evidently Charles D. Woodward, of Providence, R. I., has often had considerable trouble in driving the conventional wood screw into hard wood, for he has developed a screw which bores its own hole as it proceeds. According to his patent claims, says the Scientific American, he has devised a countersinking gimlet-pointed screw having at the root of its point a bulge constituting the largest diameter of the shank, and having across its thread a spiral groove, one end of which forms a cutter at the bulge. The groove goes once around the screw and terminates at the slant of the head and at the root of the gimlet point.

How to Pour Liquids.

In pouring liquid from a jug or bottle the vessel should be held with the opening downward, rather than horizontally, if convenient, and swung quickly with a circular motion. The liquid will rotate and in leaving the opening will permit air to enter continuously, causing the liquid to run out rapidly and without intermittent gurgling sounds.

If the opening of the container is at one side it is best to hold the container so that the opening is at the highest point of the end, rather than at the bottom. The air may thus enter and permit a continuous flow until the container is empty.

Chautauquas to Hear Exposition Band

Thaviu's Great Organization Which Opened and Closed San Francisco Exposition
Coming on Fifth Day of Chautauqua



Thaviu's Band is coming to Chautauqua—thirty selected musicians from the great musical organization which both opened and closed the San Francisco Exposition—and led by the magnetic Thaviu himself. Of the sixteen bands of nation-wide reputation which entertained the great crowds during the Exposition season, Thaviu's was the only one requested for a return engagement. They had so successfully pleased the throngs during the opening days that the directors commissioned their return for the closing weeks.

The secret of Thaviu's popularity is not expressed so much in the size of his organization as in the unusual personnel and the fact that Thaviu is a master director of his accomplished musicians. All band music critics comment upon the sparkle, life and dashing brilliancy of his musical interpretation. Two full concerts will be given on the fifth day of Chautauqua. In addition to the band in the evening, three grand opera singers from Thaviu's own grand opera organization will appear as soloists.

Great Mangrove Swamps.
Mindoro, one of the larger islands of the Philippine group, is a province by itself and contains 3,983 square miles. It is distant from Manila a little more than 100 miles. Along the shores of this island are more than 30,000 acres of mangrove swamps, with large trees in practically virgin growth, conservatively estimated to yield 50,000 tons of bark readily convertible into approximately 17,000 tons of cutch. Just why this growth should have remained untouched for so long is not explained.

Cheese Mentioned in Bible.
Cheese is mentioned only three times in the Bible and on each occasion under a different name in the Hebrew (Job, 10:10; I Samuel 17:18; II Samuel, 17:29). It is difficult to decide how far these terms correspond with our notion of cheese.

Chinese Plant Statuettes.
Chinese gardeners sometimes plant statuettes of tiny men firmly in pots, just like real plants, and then train live evergreens to grow up over these statuettes. The vines thus form a kind of robe for the statuette men, their white faces and hands protruding from the green leaves.

Bobbies' Big Idea.
Bobbie (dining out with his mother, in a ghastly whisper)—"Oh, ma, slip me your powder puff; I've spotted the tablecloth."

The Flour Beetle.
The so-called weevil is the early form for a species of beetle that breeds in flour or meal, often rendering it unfit for food. It is sometimes called the flour beetle. The only way to keep it out of flour is to keep the flour carefully closed and protected.

Magazine to Feed Pipe.
Long smokes are assured by the invention of a pipe into which additional tobacco is filled from a magazine on the side of the bowl as the original charge is consumed.

Thaviu's Exposition Band And Grand Opera Singers

Two concerts by the Great Musical Organization that both opened and closed the San Francisco Exposition. Evening concert supplemented by Three Grand Opera Singers from one of Chicago's prominent opera organizations. These two concerts on the fifth day will be worth more than the cost of your season ticket. Single admissions, afternoon, 55 cents; evening, 83 cents.

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